

6<sup>*ta*</sup> CARMEN NATALITIUM.

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T O  
HIS HIGHNESS  
T H E  
Duke of Gloucester.  
A N  
HEROICK POEM.

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*Tu modo nascenti Puero, quo ferrea primum  
Desinet, ac toto surget gens aurea mundo,  
Casta, fave, Lucina—*

Virg.

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L O N D O N :

Printed for A. Baldwin in Warwick-lane, 1700.

23. July.

CARMEN NATALITUM.  
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TO  
HIS HIGHNESS

THE  
Duke of Gloucester.

URANIA, Fairest of the Sacred Nine,  
Let this Blest MORN wake thy whole Choir Divine;  
A Subject so sublime, enough t' inspire,  
And singly tune the whole Phœbean Lyre.  
Not the Wing'd Courser, when he struck your Fount;  
To more Exalted Heights could ever mount.  
A Theme, to Warm the very God of Day,  
And Brighten ev'n th' Apollinary Ray.

Yes, GLORY, GLORY, Thou'rt the Mighty Theme,  
GLORY, of Heav'n the Richest Borrow'd Beam.  
But e'er the Sallies of the Muse essay  
To circuit thy Unbounded Empire's Sway;  
Let me invoke a Pow'r, that best can stretch  
His Heav'nly View to that Expanded Reach.

Thou



# 4 CARMEN NATALITIUM.

Thou *Twin-fac'd God*, who op'nt thy *Temple Doors*,  
When the *Sky lours*, and *War's rough Tempest roars* ;  
Where th' *Arm'd Destroyers*, in their bending *Steel*,  
With their uplifted pondrous *Gauntlets*, kneel.

But when the *Bloody Flag* hangs out no more ;  
No *Halcyon Choirs* do in Thy *Walls* adore.

Thy *Gates* are all barr'd up. No fragrant *Air*  
Of *Rosy Sweets* ; thy *Shrines* no *Garlands* wear :

*Flutes*, *Timbrels*, *Songs of Peace*, are banish'd there.

Great *JANUS*, thou whose *Double Front* looks o'er  
Whole *Ages* ; all *Behind* thee, and *Before* :

*TIME's* great *Surveyor* thou whose *Prospects* spread  
Thro' that vast *Airy Wild*, *Th' Unborn and Dead* :

*Airy* indeed, when we can only call

The *Present Ours*, and *Moments* are our *All*.

Beyond the narrow *Now*, thou wander'st o'er

Either what *Is not yet*, or *Is no more*.

Hard-doom'd *Mortality*, if this be all.

Thy boasted *Footing* on the *Mighty Ball*.

If, *MA N*, thy *Fabrick* on this *Base* stands,

And this *short Grass* is all thy *Power's* commands ;

Oh thou poor *Lord of Worlds*, this *Frame Divine*

All built for *Thee*, and yet so *Little Thine* !

So *Little* ? No : Thou'rt *All*. Add the Great *SOUL*.

To th' *Human Span*, and then outreach the *Pole*.

Then the *true Lord of Worlds*, th' *Heroick Mind*

Builds *Thrones* so *Lasting*, reigns so *Unconfind* :

Though short our *Glass* and *number'd Minutes* told ;

The *Sands* of *F A M E* run *Inexhausted GOLD*.



# CARMEN NATALITIUM. 5

True G L O R Y never sleeps in *Beds of Clay* ;  
Her Flow'ry Garlands ever *fresh* and *gay*,  
While *Ages* make but one long *Coronation-Day*.  
For Boundless G L O R Y the vast *Round* wants *Room* :  
She fills the whole Great *Three*, *Past*, *Present*, and *to Come*.

If G L O R Y then, *Urania*, plumes thy *Wing* ;  
And thy *Exalted* *Airs* must G L O C ' S T E R sing ;  
Take the fair Prospect of his *Beauteous* *MOR N*,  
The *Infant* *Glories* which that *BROW* adorn.  
And where the *Phosphor* does such *Light* display ;  
Leave the *World* Judge of the *Meridian* *Day*.

When *Albion's* *SUN* *Eclips'd*, Great *NASSAU* *rod*,  
With *Drums* and *Trumpets* *Sounds*, to aid the *Labouring* *God* ;  
Did *Light* from her *Invading* *Shades* restore ;  
And bid our *Laws* and *Altars* shine once more :  
'Twas here the Great *IMMORTAL*, to survey  
The glorious *Toyl* of that *propitious* *Day*,  
As at his own Great *Six* *Days* *Labour* stood ;  
He view'd the *Finish'd* *Work*, and saw 'twas *Good*.

But can Great *NASSAU* finish all? Ah no.  
Can *single* *Hands* thro' *Endless* *Labours* go?  
To raise *Immortal* *Structures* to their *Height*,  
The *Founder* does but *half* the *Work* of *Fate*.  
T' uphold the *Pile* He rais'd, *Designs* so *Great*,  
A *Line* of *WORTHIES* only can compleat.  
That *Work*, *THOU*, then *Unborn*, Thy *Stars* decree :  
Th' *Almighty* *Consult* fate, and call'd forth *T H E E*.

## 6 CARMEN NATALITIUM.

Born for these *Ends*, the *Scheme* of Fate thus laid ;  
 When *Thee* the HERO His *Adoption* made,  
 At the Great FONT He promis'd in Thy Name,  
 Not half the *Wonders* of Thy Race of Fame ;  
 Far short of what th' All-knowing Pow'rs foresee,  
 In the Great Cause of Heav'n's reserv'd for Thee.

Whilst for this *Fruit*, this STEM of Britain springs,  
 The *Veins* of HERO's, and the Seed of KINGS ;  
 To raise this BIRTH, to Divine *Pallas* Charge  
 His *Guardian Pow'rs* assign a Trust so large.  
 Glitt'ring in Arms her *Nursing Hand* she brings,  
 Whilst ev'n the Gauntlet, holds the *Leading-strings*.  
 Bright *Armour*, here, her *Nurseries Delight* ;  
 Her *Gorgon* and *Medusa* Charm, not Fright.  
 T'her *Cradle-Care* the Martial Goddess comes,  
 And only Lulls Him with her *Steel* and *Plumes*.  
 No fond *Lucina's Song*, no tinkling Toy ;  
 The Musick of the WAR must Rock the BOY ;  
 Not to His Sleep, but to His waking Joy.  
 MARS ev'n in *Miniature* His Soul inspires :  
 He feels a *Heat*, tho' but from *Lambent Fires*.  
 Ev'n when so Young, e'er th' *Intellectual Light*  
 Could furnish *Reason* for th' *Heroick Flight* ;  
 Long e'er slow *Nature* to those *Heights* could rise ;  
*Visions* of GLORY play'd before His Eyes.  
 So Early warm'd with what so Brightly shin'd,  
 With that *Career* his *active Genius* ran ;  
 That leaping o'er an Age He left behind,  
 He Slept, the INFANT ; but He Dreamt, the MAN.

# CARMEN NATALITIUM. 7

HERO's, like *Poets*, are not *made*, but *Born* ;  
 Valour's true Heat warms ev'n their *Dawning Morn*.  
 Thus young *Alcides*, when his *Hissing Foes*,  
 With their *fork'd Vengeance* to his *Cradle* rose,  
 His first *Immortal Infant Sally* makes,  
 Undaunted he attacks the *crested Snakes* ;  
 Grasps their *crusht Throats* in his *Victorious Hands* ;  
 And crowns the *Conqu'ror* in his *Swathing Bands*.

All the same *Animating Spirit* here,  
 The same the *Courage* ; not the *Danger* near :  
 No ; Thou Great Heir of *Smiles*, All *Born* for *Joy*,  
 No *Juno's Spight* would these *young Hopes* destroy.

Nor wonder that this Godlike *GENIUS* reigns,  
 When 'tis no more than what Thou *ow'st* thy *VEINS* ;  
 Born from that *SIRE*, whose *Patriot Arm* once held  
 His *COUNTRY's* sharpest *Sword* and toughest *Shield*.  
 No Hand more *Daring* for the *Lawrel* pulsit :  
 In *Fields of Blood* his very *Nonage* flusht.  
 His Early *Leading VALOUR* fixt in *Fame*,  
 Whilst *Lunden* and *Landscroon* shall have a *Name*.  
 'Twas thus He set out in the *Martial Race* ;  
 'Till his calm *Bow'rs* of *BLISS* ended the *Chace*.

A *Plant* of *GLORY* in so *Rich a Bed*,  
 By such *Hereditary Nurture* fed,  
 When *Princely Stems* such forward *Blossoms* bring ;  
 From such kind *Suns* ne'er wonder at the *Spring*.



## 8 CARMEN NATALITIUM.

Nay for yet more kind *cheering Beams*, to shoot  
 The early spreading *Bloom* from such a *ROOT* :  
 Thou Royal Nursery in *Arts* and *Arms*,  
 Thy Darling *Pallas* in her Double Charms ;  
 To cultivate so all Divine a Soil,  
 Here both the *Mars* and the *Apollo* smile :  
 Led by such *Aiding Pow'rs*, when on each Hand  
 Th' Instructing *Hero* and Learn'd *Prelate* stand ;  
 Well may thy Youth take that *Pellæan Flight*,  
 Betwixt the *Clytus* and the *Stagyrite*.

But if the *Martial Bolts* so early Charm,  
 And ev'n thy *Cretan Cradle* glows so warm :  
 When full-blown *GLORY* thy *Crown'd Head* shall see ;  
 Then, when some mighty *Cause*, all worthy Thee ;  
 What if the Enslav'd *Christendom* once more,  
 Thee our *succeeding JOVE's* kind *Aid* implore ;  
 Her Groans all ecchoing to Thy *Albion Walls*,  
 Whilst the Chain'd *Virgin* the Wing'd *Perseus* calls ;  
 With thy Great *FATHER* then thy *Veins* inspir'd,  
 With the whole *Transmigrated NASSAU* fir'd ;  
 With those united *Nativæ Genii* fill'd,  
 And all that *Immortality* can build ;  
 To send Thee Forth in *HONOUR's* Noblest Race,  
 Some Tyrant *Hunter of the World* to chace ;  
 With *Keener Thunder* from a *Forge* more warm,  
 The sweating *Cyclops* must supply that *ARM*.

But is't *Heroick Virtue* only reigns  
 The Great *Descendant* in Young *GLOC'STER's* *Veins* ?

No ;

No; 'tis not only One bright J E M Divine  
 Makes the whole *Original Treasure* from that *MINE*  
 If Nature's Stamps are *Copies of the Kind*,  
 If Founts make *Springs*, and SOULS their *Channels* find;  
 If SONS can their *Paternal VIRTUES* Heir,  
 What must the BIRTH produce from such a *PAIR*?

No Wand'rer of the Skies, here the *Fair LOVE*  
 Unwishing and Untaught to *Range of Power*,  
 One Boundless Joy his *LOVE's* whole *HOPE* supplies;  
 Melts his *Eternal Day* in *JOY's* Eyes.  
 Such Love, Faith, Honour, in one Chaplet twin'd;  
 For ever Verdant, all true *Laurel-kind*:  
 How had *Crown* been Ador'd, and *Kingdom* Blest,  
 Had Thy Fair *SOUL* fill'd every *Royal Breast*!  
 Their *Leading Lights* but with Thy *Lustre* shine,  
 To set the World such *COPIES* from a *Throne*!

Look back, Great *Janus*, with a glowing *Face*,  
 Thy own all Scarlet, tell th' unblushing *Race*,  
 Had such *Example* *Virtues* rule the *Day*,

Nature her bright *Original* might boast:  
 Her *Golden Age*, without one course *Alay*,

The *Undegenerate* World had never lost.

Yes, Radiant *VIRTUE*, where Thy *Inffluence*,

Thy pow'rful *Aspect* does its Smiles dispense,

It is not *Worlds* alone thy Blessings share:

What can't Thy *Reign*? The Great *DISPENSER* there

That vast *Dominion* to thy Hand has giv'n,

At once to *bless* the *Earth*, and people *Heav'n*.



# 10 CARMEN NATIVITATIS

Great **DENMARK**, thus, in **Thy Bright Orb of LOVE**,  
Where all these **Constellated Graces** move;  
Their **spreading Beams** around **whole Ages** cast,  
T' adorn the **Present**, and to **honor the Last**;  
Be it Thy **Pride** (oh, whither can I raise  
My soaring **Muse** to such **Seraphick Praise**!)  
Had all **Bless'd Nuptials** such a **Bridegroom Lord**;

And ev'ry **Hymen** worn thy **stainless Robe**;  
The unavailing **GOD** had never pour'd  
His **Deluge** down to wash the **Spotted Globe**;

Now change, **Urania**, to new **Glitt'ring Scenes**;  
And tune thy **Airs** to **GLORIOUS SISTER'S Drift Veins**;  
Drive, drive around that bright **Imperial Sphere**;  
And trace Him from his **SOURCE of GLORY** here.  
Here, when the **Dazzling Heights** thy **Eye** shall see,  
Exert thy high-tun'd **Voice**, but low'r thy **Knee**.

At thy **Approach**, with **Duteous Homage** bow;  
Here view Bright **EXCELLENCE**, that **Awful BROW**,  
Belov'd **Above**; that **Fav'rite ROYAL HEAD**,  
Rich with the **Blessings of a Fruitful BED**;  
Her **Sexes Noblest Pride**, all smiling round;  
With the whole **Joys of a Glad MOTHER crown'd**.  
**MOTHER**, the **Name**, that ev'n from **Death** can save;  
The **Fertile Womb** stops the **Devouring Grave**.  
**MOTHER**; oh **Thine** is the **Great ALL** we see;  
Nature's **whole Hinge** turns here, and the **World** lives by **Thee**.  
The **Great FIRST MOVER's** only **Second THOU**;

When his new **World** with **his own IMAGE** blest;



# GARMEN NATALITIVM II

The Great CREATOR stamp'd but the First Two ;

And left it all to Thee to mould the rest.

WOMAN, where's Thy Exalted Honour plac'd ?

MOTHER, a Name OMNIPOTENCE once Grac'd !

Blest with this more than Title to a Crown,

Britannia's Happiness for all her own,

Behold her handing endless Blessings down,

'Tis less to Fill than to Support a Throne.

Behold her in her own Despotick Walls,

With Plans of Empire laid, in Wisdom's School,

So Learn'd, so worthy Crowns, when Albion calls ;

By Nature no less Form'd, than Born for Rule,

Here to her Helm that steering Hand she brings,

Scarce less the Envy than the Heir of Kings ;

Guides with that Regular Harmonious Sway ;

As Angels serve in Heav'n, 'tis Glory to obey,

She rules a Kingdom in a Court alone,

And reigns a Monarch ev'n Beneath a Throne.

Nor does her Greatness only bear this Port,

Her Gaze's no less Shining, than her Court.

To her Lov'd Altars more unshaken Zeal,

Or humbler Votary could never Kneel,

Yet not that rapt Enthusiast, to throw

The despoil'd Globe beneath her Feet too low :

Ther GOD and to Her Self the Right she gives

Whilst the Kneel bends for what the Broom receives

No Royal Hand's er held the Scales more ev'n,

Betwixt the well-read World and study'd Heav'n.

# 12 MORTALITY

The Great CREATOR himself but the First Two ;

Of all Her whole Court-Train, each Mental **GRACE**;  
 The Fairest of the Great Celestial Race,  
 Bright **CHARITY**, with her extended Hands,  
 (Not only Hers, but Heav'n's best Darling) stands.  
 Well she reflects, as the Great **WILL** design'd  
 The Princely Heads the Lights to cheer Mankind;  
 The Godlike **GOOD** the Godlike **GREAT** must join:  
 For Goodness warms, where Greatness does but shine.  
 What bending Knees can such Bright **MERCY** want?  
 The Cloath'd and Fed her Bounteous Pity chant.  
 In Grateful Praise their cheerful Numbers move,  
 Measures, all-tun'd to th' Endless Song Above.  
 Off'rings of Gratitude in Heaven are made:  
 For Hallelujahs are but Thanks well paid.

But whether stooping to Relieve Distress,  
 Or shine Rewarded Virtue's Patroness;  
 She show'rs her Goodness with no random Hand:  
 Justice and Judgment her Court-Stewards stand.  
 To lend a Succoring Arm or Lifting Ear,  
 Thinks where she Favours, where she Smiles she weighs:  
 For the Descending Royal Graces here,  
 'Tis Merit must the Jacob's Ladder raise.

Blest with such **PARENTAGE**, such on each Side,  
 Illustrious **GLOSTER**, by Descending Pride;  
 What canst Thou promise from this **STOCK** alone,  
 Thou, to thy Self, from Thee, th' Expecting Throne?



# CARMEN NATALITIUM. 13

Thus challenge all thy Godlike SOURCE can give.  
From thy Rich *Tagus* the whole *Sands* derive :  
At once to all the Rougher VIRTUES born  
That Conquer *Crowns* ; and *Gentler*, that Adorn.

But Thou Great HEIR to ev'ry smiling GRACE,  
Thy Inborn GLORIES sprung from thy Great RACE,  
Whilst the all charm'd *Britannia*, to behold  
Her growing HOPE stamp'd in that *Beauteous Mould*,  
Unwondring sees the *Royal Roses* spread ;  
All Genuine Sweets from such an Eden BED ;  
Rapt up ev'n to thy Rivall'd MOTHER's Joy,  
Views the *Ascanius* to her happier Troy :

Yet here, ev'n here, in this *Harmonious Day*,

A Watry Cloud to this Bright Sun must rise ;  
(Can there be *Shades* that can such JOYS allay !)

One Tear must drop ev'n from *Britannia's Eyes* !  
Well she remembers from that Sacred ROOT,  
She saw the Lovely Numerous CYONS shoot.  
She dares not Murmur at *Decrees Divine* ;  
But give her Leave to Mourn, tho' not Recline.  
Were those Sweet *Pledges* all but Lent, not Giv'n ?  
What has that Genial BED *Defer'd* from Heav'n !  
Could *Providence* here too profusely pay ?  
Why then such *Charms* so early snatcht away !

So have I seen the *Morning Star* appear ;  
Just peeps its Glorious Head above our Sphear :  
Scarce seen 'tis gone, Set almost e'er it can Rise ;  
Not in the Western but the *Eastern Skies* ;



# 14 CARMEN NATALITIUM.

The vanishing short *Brightness* from our Sight  
All Lost, and Swallow'd up in DAY's Immenſer Light.

If all the MERITS of that Bridal Bed,  
A Force to wrestle Heav'n, in vain could plead :  
If Albion's Pray'rs ; ten thousand thousand Knees,  
Of Fate implor'd in vain—If These, all These—  
Nay not a Stream from the Fair ROYAL EYE,  
That Bribe of Richer Pearl could Mercy buy.  
If still Fate strikes ; and the Remorseless Dooms,  
Have Hearts so hard, to cut such Tender Looms :  
Here Heav'n-born Sisters, on this Mournful Theme,  
Call your Bright Patron God's Divineſt Beam ;  
T'exhale a Show'r from your Caſtalian Stream.  
Yes ; all your melting Hippocrene's too poor,  
To ſprinkle ev'ry Roſe, each Fragrant Flow'r,  
That twines the Garlands o'er thoſe Infant TOMBS ;  
And with its Pendant Sweets the little Urn perfumes.

Then in ſoft Numbers (Numbers beſt Complain !)  
Tell the Great Lords of the Eternal Reign,  
Is Heav'n ſo poor, to ſnatch ſuch Bloom away ;  
Such Young Tranſlation to Immortal Day !  
Did their Imperfect Songs want to inſpire  
More Treble Voices for their Angel Choir !  
Or to adorn the Galaxy more bright,  
Wanted their Milky Way new Spangled Light ?

But whether leads this Melancholy Way ;  
This Gloomy Scene of Graves ?—Stay, Wand'ers ſtay.

Walk

## CARMEN NATALITIUM. 15

Walk not in *Shades*, when all around ye *Shines* :  
What, tho' the *Muses*, at those Sacred **SHRINES**,  
In *pious Grief* too much can never pay !  
Yet *Piety* it self sometimes may stray.  
Suit these *sad Complaints* with this *Triumphant-Day* ?  
No, cheer'd *Britannia*, let all *Joy*s go round ;  
Thy *Loftier Ays* all *to Paeans* found.  
Tho' thy too *niggard Stars* no kinder shine,  
Here thy *Great ALL* from that *Rich Fruitful MINE* :  
Boast, *Albion*, boast thy vast *Unbounded Store*,  
This **JEWEL**, tho' the *Carract's* Thine no more.  
What tho' thy *Hopes* move in one *single SPHERE* ?  
Are *Glory, Pow'r, Dominion*, curtail'd here ?  
Stands not thy whole *Great Basis* safe alone  
In this *Young Growing ATLAS* of thy *Throne* ?

What though an angry *Sybil* in one *Urn*  
Did all those *Great Orac'lous Volumes* burn !  
Still *Time's* long *Glaſs* (to *Numbers* unconfin'd)  
Th' *Unfolded Destinies* she left behind.  
*Whole FATE* in her surviving *Pages* fin'd.

So **G L O C' S T E R**, may the bleſt *Britannia* ſee  
Her *Hopes*, her *Happineſs*, all ſum'd in **THEE**.  
Oh may kind *Heav'n* preſerve that *Darling HEAD* :  
And whither can't *Diffuſive GLORY* ſpread ?  
One *Great Copernick CENTER* can diſperſe  
His *Circling Beams* around the *Univerſe*.

But



# 16 CARMEN NATALITIUM.

But whilst of such *Immortal SEEDS* I sing,  
The Promis'd *Harvest* from so Rich a *Spring*;  
Oh may my *Muse*, on that *Illustrious Theme*,  
Chant with the *Ancient Bards* Enlightning *Beam*,  
*Poets* of Old with a *Prophetick Tongue*,  
Not *Past* alone, but *Unborn GLORIES* sung,  
Their kinder *God* then *Doubly* did *Inspire*;  
Not only tun'd their *Numbers* to his *Lyre*!  
But warm'd 'em with a *Spark* from his own *Delphick Fire*.

Thus may my *Muse*, *Young PRINCE*, Thy *GROWTH*  
(Oh Seal it *Heav'n*; here stamp the *Oracle*!) (foretold;  
May those Bright *HEAVENS*, far, far beyond thy own,  
Thy long *Successive Hairs* to th' *Albion Throne*,  
From Thee th' unbroken *Line* of *HEROES* run,  
'Till the whole Great *Platonick Circle's* done.  
Rapt up to this High *ORB*; vain *Muse* retire;  
Farewel to *Numbers*, and thy *Humbler Choir*.  
Let Great *PREDESTINATION* tune this *SPHERE*.  
I'll quit the *Poet* for the *Prophet* here.



